2012

Goldfish Constellation

Abigail Swanson
Concordia University-Portland

Follow this and additional works at: https://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean
Part of the Poetry Commons

CU Commons Citation
Swanson, Abigail (2012) "Goldfish Constellation," The Promethean: Vol. 20 : Iss. 1 , Article 65.
Available at: https://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol20/iss1/65
sideways and plunged Mister McTrillium's head into the open tub of ice cream. He held Mister McTrillium's head in the ice cream, made soft by the sun, until his legs stopped twitching. Then Andy turned and walked slowly up the street, hands in his pockets.

Mister McTrillium's body hung limp over the side of the ice cream cart, up to his shoulders in Lemon Meringue. Near his left ear was a swirl of graham cracker crumb crust.

The next day it was 104 degrees in Greenbough, Ohio. Near the center of town there was a large, green park. In the center of the park, a concrete oval supported four tall metal flowers that sprayed water down on shrieking children.

On the street an average looking man of middle age pushed a small ice cream cart. As he turned a crank on the side of the cart a beautiful layered song rippled through the air, like ice crystals on the wind.

Goldfish Constellation

Abigail Swanson

The sky crashed
Splashed my pants
With mud, up to the knee.

You crossed my lips
And the ocean swelled
Pushed
Clumped, wet sand over our shoes
And a goldfish popped out of my boot.

The goldfish skittered
Down main street
And a million dry teapots
Screamed-- scarring the air around my head
And the hair around your ears curled and smoked.

The hair on my arms prickled
Ashen
And charred my sleeves,
Squeezing fire out.
The moon pulls
At my low tide coffee cup
Cratered desolation pits
My stomach
And the wind howls wild;
But just around the edges.

Few organisms can survive desiccation.
I can
So long as the path remains
Cleared, and the sky stays up.
How often does it rain
On the first planet
Beyond our line of sight?
Can their water dissolve blood?
Or steel?
Ordinary table sugar?
If I shower in it
Will it clean me?

The last man to come this way, left
only a few balls of hair
That will never fall fully
in to the vacuum.